most, for it brings so many things to my recollection. It was there *he* was so happy, so amused, for you know he doted upon music; and how pleased I felt in seeing him so *lite* so agreeable.

Oh mel nothing on earth, I believe, now can afford me pleasure. It is impossible I can ever cherish a project or build a castle more!

I send you enclosed some verses Barry has brought, which a friend of his (Miss Trefusis) has written on the loss of the *Babet.*

I am told nothing can exceed the King's animosity against Pitt.

The d'Osmonds are quite rejoiced at getting possession again of their daughter, with £1,500 a year to spend, from De Boigne.[1] Did I ever tell you that, in a journey to Winchester or Salisbury (I forget which), d'Osmond and his wife knelt down at the tomb of Osmund de Seez, Lord Chancellor and Bishop in 1072, as *a relation?*

[1] General de Boigne, a Frenchman by birth, who first entered into the Russian service, and afterwards into that of the East India Company. He subsequently became general-in-chief of Scindiah's army. He amassed an immense fortune in India, and on his return to Europe married Mademoiselle d'Osmond.